NEW-YORK LIFE.

THE GODDESS.

The Goddess is the beauty of a family which has ore produced only ugliness. To be a family uty is in any case an uneasy position, but to be sole swan in half a dozen generations of crows is sinecure. Since The Goddess's family came over on the Mayflower, carrying a large supply of spinningsis, tankards, mugs and other useful articles, calplated to while away the hours on shipboard and divert the early Dutch stomach from the engrossing pastime of seasickness, her family have never deviated from the aristocratic if slightly elongated form of nose for which they are famous. It has stamped every face mark of that particular form of Dutch importation, and in a crowded ball-room you could pick out every member of the clan by the nose.

The great nose and great beauty were never known to be successfully combined on the human countenance. The beauty of The Goddess was, therefore, not at first suspected. So flagrant a backspiding from Family tradition was not to be anticipated or endured. Family tradition was not to be anticipated of calculated.

Then, when the stimming truth broke upon The Family they were too surprised to resent it. In the course of years they became accustomed to it, and then, surprise passing off, gave place to the most unbridled

The Goddess has heard her praises sung since she was fifteen. For many years past her charms have waked to eestasy the living lyre so skilfully operated upon by her admiring parents. She has heard her value appraised by Papa, her chances weighed by Mamma. She has grown accustomed to homage and the tacit acknowledgment of her superiority over all accepted and known forms of the female, in her present arm, a dimpled hand touching the strings, a little foot state of elegant Anglo-American demestication. Her sisters, upon whose amiable and intelligent countenances the family features have broken forth in an ecstasy of exaggeration, have long bowed the knee to her perfections. Caroline is younger. Clara older than with glimpses of the pendant, yellow balls serving as a They have always been regarded in The Family gentle resignation, backed by a stimulating sense that miracles have happened in these modern days, and that there were men who took the last century's moulding of the nose into the hely bonds of matrimony,

a peculiar form of heroism which may still exist. When Caroline came out there was only a faint ripple of interest in her hopes and chances. The Family were bursting with the consciousness of the rare and radiant maiden whom they held in reserve, and they were saving up all their enthusiasm against her launching. It was generally expected that that event id subsequently become matter of history, and would be heralded by strange phenomena-the respipearance of the sea-serpent, a total eclipse of the sun, or the breaking of a tidal wave. And yet both Clara and Caroline, bearing The Nose proudly in the garish light of street and ball-room, married with unprecedented brilliancy, and The Nose was taken to adorn sumptuous apartments in corner homes, while the nose of The Goddess-pure Greek-remained at home. Family admired as lavishly as of yere-they had unlimited capacities in this way-and kept a growing sur-prise and disappointment well out of sight of The Godess, whose Olympian wrath was a thing to make the boldest hold his breath for a time,

At twenty-six The Goddess still enjoys the desolate freedom of the wild ass. She is of the class of women who have admirers rather than lovers. In the first years of her social glory she made depredations in the rank and file of eligible youth which filled the family with hope and pride. But the depredated ones replied with intentionless attention, and though this has the advantage of keeping the victim in a state of hopeful expectation, there comes a stage when the most vigorous muscular hope tanguishes, and languishing does die. Goddess has had so many hairbreadth 'scapes from the imminent, deadly proposal that The Family have come to regard the trophles of her bow and spear with melanchely despondency. They are now deaf to her cry of "Wolf," to which they once so variantly railled. Meantime they search to find the clew of the mys-

The Goddess is beautiful as an angel, clever, able to amuse half a dozen men, to lend piquancy to the flattest dinner, to talk three languages and play four instruments-what more could reasonable man ex-Her temper is at times trying, but it is only pevealed in all its divine mudity to her mother and her maid. There are evenings spent surrounded by The Family-who still, so strong is habit, absently chant her glory-when she sits as silent as Memnon at noon-What is the use of entertaining one's own Fam-They, like the poor, are always with us. They don't send you candies and flowers, and they can't fall in love with you, so it's simply waste. The Goddess erves all her wares for the market. Have not The Family the refreshing speciacle of her beauty always before them! They should be satisfied to sit around and rejoice in their one grand success at production.

The Goddess occasionally ruminates on these matters and muses wonderingly upon the singularly perverted taste which could have preferred Caroline to herself. When a man doesn't fall in love with her, there must hing radically wrong with him, she argues. She inclines to the belief that she is not appreciated. It is only another case of pears and swine. That men will pass her by to fall in love with ugly, stupid girls, merely proves the bad taste of men. Besides. The Goddess doesn't care about being fallen in love thoughts but little. It's all very well for people who can afford it. But it is always associated in her mind with a flat in Harlem and one servant, cheap and verdant from Castle Garden, and a husband who turns up his trousers in wet weather and carries a cotton um brella in a silk case. Of course, all this is insupportable to a Goddess.

She has always pictured her husband as rich. In her younger days, in the illuminated and hopeful teens. | dreary hills. she entertained dreams of a gorg-ous married life, in weich she would play a sumptuous, languid part in a setting of oriental magnificence, the husband, a pale, nebulous blur, floating about somewhere in the background. He had to be there to account for the magnificence. Later on, with the march of the distilusion ing twenties, her dreams took on a more realistic form. finally finish up in a blaze of white and gold. often walks slowly up the avenue, her beautiful eyes raised in apparent inspiration, wrestling with the battlefield like that? knotty question as to what costumes will best suit both her and the white and gold.

definite shape. A nebula is out of place in a modera drawing-room, so he condensed, solidified; grew firm and clear-cut; lucid outlines shone through the disturbed mist. He had a pointed beard and loose-legged trousers, but he was not in the least interesting. secure a man who could furnish the white and gold is her simple creed; not a clever man-just a rich, stupid, commonplace, good-tempered fellow-they give the

This type would never interfere. He would just be silently proud of her. It would be tacitly expected of him, that, having married such a remarkable creature, he would sofuly and silently tapse into an attitude of reverential devotion, to be varied, when he grew tired, with the easy pose of one who signs checks or suts off coupons. And these would be the simple tuties which would constitute his repertoire. His wife, the central pivot of Ouida esque ball-rooms, would be a social queen. She burns to gather round her the wittiest and eleverest of men, the ugliest and stupidest of women, beside whom she becomes an eagle. All the stupid and ugly women would sit neglected in the corners, staring wonderingly at her while she easily easts about her sparkling showers of wit, as a grind-

TYPES OF DOLLAR-GETTERS.

The Arousto Journal of the state of the lion in love. She has other styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone state of the lion in love. She has other styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone state of the lion in love. She has other styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone state of the lion in love. She has other styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone of the lion in love. She has other styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has other styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has other styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has a remetable anthone styles for other people. She has other styles for other people. She has a remetable and people she that the style style she

stays with her sisters, for example, the experience is always unpleasant. Caroline is, of course, silly and unreasonable. The honor of having a Goddess eat at your table should compensate for the fact that the Goddess complains of the fare; or, having a Goddess complains of the fare; or, having a Goddess shabit of demanding her breakfast served in her own room at half past 10. To have the family beauty staying with you, you should be willing to put up with those whims without which a beauty is a miserable, base imitation. And yet Caroline postively refused to let the horses go out on a cold night when The Goddess had previously ordered them, and even said something under her breath about "some people's unwarrantable interference." The Goddess, according to her Olympian custom, made no retort, but simply looked aristocratic and cold and resigned, and with her evebrows loftily raised, managed in some mute, mysterious way to impress on Caroline how rough and vulgar her behavior was, how uncount, compared to The Goddess's exquisite elegance, of which she was now generously giving a sample.

In her intercourse with her admirers she is somewhat more gracious. If the foeman is worthy of her steel, she thinks out a neat little system of capture, the thinks out a neat little system of capture, the thinks out a neat little system of capture, the thinks out a neat little system of capture, the thinks out a neat little system of capture.

steel, she thinks out a neat little system of capture In this she sets about dazzling the foeman with the resplondent glory of her charms. If he does not succumb before her beauty, she having been fattened and garlanded for the sacrifice, he has still to pass through the ordeal of the four musical instruments. There is first the guitar, in the shady corner of the divan, under the spreading spikes of a palm in a blue pot, with a stained-glass window above in the wall. shafts of colored sun-rays playing over stuffs with pale, bloomy surfaces, broken splinters of light twinkling on satin pillows, a yellow tea-gown, a half-bared protruding from a froth of puckered flounces lying along the carpet. Then there is the mandelin, in the conservatory below the orange trees, her head bending on its long neck, the network of dark, glossy leaves background, the thin tones of the mandolin mingling with the thin tones of the lady. The bandurria is only used on the balcony, on summer evenings, when there is a moon and the shadow of the vines plays on the wall. Lastly comes the piano in the bare magnificance of the music-room, The Goddess in a white dress, with her hair in a Greek twist, her hands meandering over the keys, her eyes raised in rapture to the candles in brass branches, and the tumbled masses of her train reflected in the polished floor-in this pose The Family have generally admitted she is at her best. If the foeman is able to resist it, there is nothing to be said but that he is an idiot. And by The Goddess's count there are many idiots in this world.

In conversation with her young men the charm of her appearance is counterbalanced by a sensation of cold indifference which emanates from her, despite her most exotic wealth of manner. She exhales a chill air like a block of ice in warm weather. Under the veneer of her enslaving address her companion feels an icy. impenetrable wall, like that which has baffled the South Polar explorer. Should be be betrayed into a confidence or recital of woe, he is met with well-chosen words of sympathy and encouragement, which seem to be shaved off the edges of her manners. He feels suddenly rebuffed and disappointed, and sorry he has ever spoken. That he should be a prey to such sensations is incomprehensible to her. Hasn't she said the neatest and nicest things, fitting the occasion without a crease, her voice perfectly modulated, her expression all soft and becoming sympathy? All the time she was saying them she was titiliated by a pleased sense of how nicely she was doing it and how deeply impressed he would be by her sweetness. She doesn't want to be really sorry for him, for then she wouldn't say her little say in half such a polished, exquisite

He naturally feels this, and in spite of her sparkling and encouraging manner, is violently repulsed by her She is like a defective pearl, a little dark spot, clothed round with beauty, but the defect of the kernel occasionally shines through the outer shell.

RITS OF CHAT ON RUSSIAN ART.

STRAY COMMENTS ON THE VERESTCHAGIN PICTURES.

In a recent discourse on Art, Vassili Verestchagin complained that there was no discriminating criticism of his paintings in the United States, that the critics simply cried, "Bad-bad-bad." It might be suggested to the distinguished Russian that he disguise himself and mingle among the crowds that go to see his pictures at the American Art Galleries. In that way he would pick up more interesting little bits of discriminating criticism than even the German news-papers favored him with. For example, on Sunday his ears would have tingled with these observations, which were heard by scores of men and women First discriminating critic (before "My Fire in the Himalayas")-Thunder 'n' blazes. Dick, who ever seed sparks fly over a mounting like that 'thout goin'

Second discriminating critic-Them ain't sparks, Aba. That ole chap 's jess flung a armful o' ches'nut logs on ther fire 'n' them's ther coais a-poppin' over

with, she wants to be married. Love occupies her forgotten soldier, Edgar? I don't see anything but

imagination. The mark of true genius is suggestive-The mere sight of that bird, which, of course, is a vulture, satisfies me that a forgotten soldier lies buried somewhere in the snow that mantles those

Mary-Oh, yes, indeed, how grand! I never thought of that, dear. And when the snow melis the vulture find the poor, dead body, doesn't it? How

Fourth discriminating critic (before "The Conquered")-Hello, there's a cotton patch full of stones. What's that fellow doin' with a lantern out there The oriental magnificence changed with the shifting fashions, passing rapidly through a phase of Persian taken; they ain't stones. They're soldiers' heads hangings into a period of Turkish rugs and plush, to chin and mustache of the one down in the right hand each set of apartments came costumes to match. She corner. Why, the whole field's full of 'em. Must have been a fight somewhere. But who ever saw a

Fifth discriminating critic (before "A Restingplace of Prisoners")-Can you tell what that is stick-With the setting the husband was forced to take ing out of the snow, that small dark object near the

sixth discriminating critic-Certainly; that's a horse's leg. Horse burled in the snow, you know. Cannon rolled over his leg and made it flop up like

Fifth discriminating critic-Pve seen a good many horses' legs, but I never saw one shaped like that. Sixth discriminating critic—Of course not. That a Russian horse's leg.

One of the curious effects of Verestchagin's exhibition is the atmosphere of subdued melancholy that pervades the entire gallery and causes visitors to converse in whispers. To see his pictures is as solemn an undertaking as going to church. The large paintings are at great disadvantage owing to the small size of the rooms in which they are shown. To get a proper degree of satisfaction out of "Crucifixion by the Romans," " Hanging in Russia" and " Blowing from Guns in tirtlesh india," one wants to stand in the adjoining gallery and take a telescopic view of the canvases through a narrow doorway. The effect must be seen to be appreclated. It is understood that Verestchagin transports these big pictures by tak-ing them from the frames and rolling them up.

TYPES OF DOLLAR-GETTERS.

MR. BOWSER HAS THEORIES.

MRS. BOWSER'S ACCOUNT OF THEM.

From The Detroit Free Press. From The Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Rowser doesn't intend to let sickness or death get ahead of at as a family if any effort of his can prevent, and he is always dong the right thing in the ni-k of time. One day he came home an hoar ahead of time, his countenance wearing a very important look, and the first thing he did was to bolt up stairs to our bedroem and lower the window, although I had just closed it after airing the room for two hours. He then came clattering down to ask me for a law.

ask me for a pan.

"What on earth do you want of a pan?" I asked.

"To save all our lives!" he answered.

"How?" "Your bedroom is full of polaonous gases, which must be asborbed by an open vessel of water."

"Nonsenso!"

"I expected it. That's the weapon of the ignerant!

Mrs. Bowser, if you want to die by poisonous gases
poisoning the blood, I have nothing to say, but I shall
save the life of our child if possible. I have felt a
strange lassimale for several days, and a sanitary
plumber tells me that we have poisonous air in the
room." "Your lassitude couldn't have come from being out to club and lodge four successive nights until 12 o'clock, could it?"
He selzed the pan and hurried up stales, and when he

had filled it at the lavatory he sat it in the middle of the to say:

"See if you don't feel better to-morrow than you have for a month. It's a wonder we are not all dead."

"Did the ancients know about those poisonous gases!" I acked.

"Does a thing. They never gave them a thought."

have for a month. It's a wonder we are not an earlier.

"Did the ancients know about those poisonous gases!" I asked.

"Not a thing. They never gave them a thought."

"And yet the average of health was seventeen percent above that of to-day, and the average of mortality that much lower! How do you account for it!"

"Oh, well, if you want to die, go ahead. Pil even buy a rope and help yat to hang yourseit. I expected this, of course, but ridicule never moves me, Mrs. Bowser-never."

Two hours later he went up stairs in his slippers to look for a paper in another coat, and, of course, he sat his foot plump down in that pan of water. There was a yell and a jump, and over went the pan, and when I got up there he stood holding up one leg, as you have seen a hen do on a wet day. What I said on that occasion kept Mr. Bowser very quiet for a whole week. Then he began to grow restless again, and one night he brought home a suspicious-looking package and sneaked it up stairs. After supper he suddenly disappeared, and when I looked for him upstairs he had something in a basin and was about to hold it over a gas-burnet.

"Mr. Bowser, have you got a new theory," I asked

a gas-burner.

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"Nes, sfr."

"Nes, sfr."

"Nes, sfr."

They are the germs of disease floating about.
They are alive. If inhaled, cholera, yellow fever and other dread diseases are the result. Fumigation will a her."

other dread diseases are the result rampation of the m."

"And you are going to funigate this room!"

"I am. I sm going to kill off the dreaded bacteria."

"Well, you'll drive us out of the house or kill us."

I went down stairs and he burned a compound of tar and sulphur. In ten minutes we had to open doors and windows, and the cook came running in to ask:

"Is it cremation Mr. Bowser is trying on us?"

"I am simply driving out the bacteria," he replied, coming down the stairs at that moment.

"And there's bacteria in the house?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And I've worked here four weeks under the noses of the dreadful creatures? Mr. Bowser, I quits if quits now!"

And quit she did. We had to sleep on the sitting-room floor last night, and three weeks later every caller could detect that oder. It was hardly gone, however, when Mr. Bowser began to suff around again, were begant ? I asked.

"Any more bacteria?" I asked.

"Mrs. Bowser, if you want to sit here and die I have no objections, but I don't propose to neglect common-sense precautions to preserve my own health."

"Is appeted."

"Is anything wrong new?"

"Is anything wrong new?"

"I think so. I think I can detect an odor of sewer-gas in the house."

"Impossible: I shan't have no more stuff burned until I know it is necessary." it is necessary "
if there is sewer-gas here it must

t once."

I week the entire house smelled of
until one could hardly draw a long
Bowser was not satisfied.

A thicking," he said to me one evenasy bring the germs of some terrible
my clothes. I ride on the car, you know, and I ought to take precautions.

"How?"

"Carry a disinfectant about me to repel the

ther hills.

Third discriminating critic (before "The Forgotten Soldier")—Ab. Mary, there's a splendid canvas. What genius! "Save where, amid the rocks alone, is feebly heard a dying grean—"

Mary (third critic's better half)—But where's the forgotten soldier, Edgar! I don't see anything but a bird. It looks for all the world like Poe's raven, too.

Third discriminating critic (before "The Forgotten Soldier, Edgar! I don't see anything but too.

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Third discriminating critic (before "The Forgotten Soldier, Edgar! I don't see anything but to understand the peril which has menaced us."

He got something down-town the next day. I was a compound which left him alone on the street-car before he had ridden three blocks, and he had no sooner got into the house than we had to retire to the back doors. The cook got a suiff of it, and down went the dinner and up went her hands, and she shouted at Mr. Bowser:

"A man as will keep skunk under his house would be at me out of my wages, and I'll be goin' this minute."

At a mile he beat the well-known runner, Grace. A photograph taken several years ago shows him to be a man of splendid physical proportions, with muscles that Samson himself might envy.

Adolph Reich, the Hebrew wife murderer, is still kept in the corridor on the ground floor of the new prison at the Tombs, and is not even allowed to enter the blocks, and he had no sooner got into the house than we had to retire to the back doors. The cook got a suiff of it, and down went the other than the peril which has menaced us."

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beat me out of my wages, and I'll be goin' this minu...

It took soap and water and perfumery and half a day's time to remove the odor, and when I declared that it was the last straw Mr. Bowser crossed his hands under his coat-tails and replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, I believe this house to be clear of bacteria, owing to my prudence and self-saorifice, and I want to keep it so."

"I suppose I got 'em here!"

"Without a doubt, madam!"

"And all this rumpus has been on my account!"

"Exactly. But don't go too far with me. Phough is enough. You must stop right where you are. I have humored you all I propose to!"

N. J. BRADLEE'S TRUSTS.

From The Boston Advertiser.

A little story of N. J. Bradlee, who died on Monday, very suddenly, now vividly remembered, is an apt illustration of the characteristic coolness which he displayed on all occasions. Mr. Bradlee was summoned to appear as an expert on real estate in Boston in a law suit over the value of certain property. The lawyer on the other side, not knowing Mr. Bradlee, undertook to counteract his testimony. In the cross-examination the questions and answers were somewhat as follows:

"What did you say your business was, Mr. Bradlee F becan the lawyer.

began the lawyer.

"Well, I have charge of a good many trusts, mostly real catate," said Mr. Bradice.

"How much real estate have you ever had charge of

ell, I don't think I can say exactly."

"But how much should you guess?"

I contain t even guess."

I contain t even guess."

Weil, sir, would you say it was \$3,000 worth?.

I should put it as high as that, certainly."

Would you put it as high as \$10,000?

" Fifteen thousand?" " Twenty-five thousand ?",

Fifty thousand ?"

" Yes."
"A hundred thousand?"
"Yes."
"Yes."
"A million?"

"Yes, well, how many millions?" roated the astonished law-rer, who only now began to discover that he had caught a

Tartar.

"Well," said Mr. Bradlee, very coolly, "I told you at the start I couldn't say, but since you insist on it, I will roughly estimate it at, say a hundred millions."

"You may stand down," said the attorney, who was very soon non-suited.

AS THE WORLD WAGS.

RANDOM REMARKS OF A STROLLER HERE AND THERE.

Emory Speer, Judge of the United States District Court at Macon, Ga., who has sprung into notice by rebulting an unknown person for dishonoring the Union flag, made himself famous twelve years ago by conducting one of the most vigorous campaigns for Congress that ever were known in Dixie. His district was a mountainous one, without railroad facilities or turnpikes, and the young politician made his canvass He ran on the Independent afoot or on horseback. ticket-Democrats said he was the only Independent in the district-and was a bigger sensation among the "Crackers" and illicit distillers than a circus. One night he would be at a corn-shucking, tearing his fingers to pieces for the sake of a few votes; the next would find him in some old mountain cave, sampling the pure juice of corn at the risk of his life, and telling yarns at the expense of Uncle Sam's revenue Twelve hours later he would be standing on a stump haranguing the village mob with an elequence that shook every soul. In the course of his canvass

By the retirement of Emory Speer to the beach of the District Court Georgia lost one of the most brilliant orators she ever produced. One of his opponents, speaking of his single-handed campaign against overwhelming odds, said: "Speer sorter pu a damper on the Democrats who wanted to vote against him. He reminded me of the boy who tried to stop the calf by holding its tail. The calf was dragging him all over the lot, seeing which the old man shouted to him 'twarn't no use, he couldn't stop the calf that way. 'I know it, Paw,' yelled the youngster, between gasps, 'but I kin make the blame thing go slow."

Two well-dressed men walked down Fifth-ave. the other day. At Twenty-ninth-st, one of them ran over a woman, knocking her nearly off the sidewalk. Without a sign of apology he rejoined his companion and continued on in the direction of Delmonico's. made you do that?" his friend asked. "Calculation," he replied; "the same thing that caused the accident a month or so ago on the elevated road. The woma was entirely to blame. She was crossing the sidewalk in front of us. I calculated that if we both walked steadily on we would miss each other about two feet she passing in front. She very foolishly stopped in the middle of the pavement, and before I knew it there was a collision. Why did she stop? She saw me coming and deliberately put herself in my path to force me to check up and go around on one side or the other. They all do it."

Culonel Robert G. Ingersoll, counsel for the actors in their campaign for protection against the foreign ter that the committee who waited on him to place their case in his hands had almost to go down on their knees before they could persuade him to accept small retainer. His first analysis of the situati was brief but complete. Referring to the English company supporting Miss Anderson at Palmer's The atre, he asked, with a characteristic twinkle of the eye: "Do the people of New-York go to see the pany, or do they go to see Miss Anderson?"

A story was told the other day that illustrates the feeling of a certain class of foreign actors toward the United States. An Englishman now playing in this country, one who might pass the Custom House as star," free of duty, on learning that his wife was about to become a mother, bundled her off to Scot American soil, "for," said he, "the blarsted Yankees night claim the youngster one of these days as an American citizen." Green-room gossip has i Handsome Jacke Barnes, with a salary of \$250 a week, never spent but \$18 in the United States, outside of his living expenses. In New-Orleans he was reduced to the alternative of buying half a dozen shirts or wearing shams. He bought the shirts. And he is aid to have been candid enough to acknowledge that they fit him better than any he ever got in England.

Thirty capable actors, men with families to support were counted in one of the rooms of the Edwin rest Lodge a night or two ago. Their names have appeared so often on the play-bills of our theatres that few-Yorkers must be acquainted with every one, yet not a man among them is earning a dollar to-day by his profession. Ashamed to beg, and unwilling that his wife and two little girls should starve, one worthy member of the profession is earning his and their daily bread at a menial occupation in Central Park.

Willian Easton, the popular anctioneer, is extremely proud that American breeders of thoroughbreds have given him carte blanche to purchase for them valuable horses in England. His thorough knowledge of English racers is of immense advantage to buyer the do not care to make a journey across the Atlanti-Mr. Easton was known years are as one of the al round athletes of England. Few amateurs excelled him at running, swimming, and putting the shot. At a mile he beat the well-known runner, Grace. A on the river.

attempt at suicide. Reich believes that the Governo but he is beginning to be anxious over the delay. It is thought by those who have interested themselves n the case, however, that Governor Hill will not be in any haste to make up his mind, and he may not announce his final decision for two weeks or more, it is the general opinion at the Tombs that the sentence will be commuted.

People act as differently in a rain-storm as they act in the theatre or in church. Watch the line that slops through City Hall Park on any rainy day. There is the short, fat, bustling little follow who alips around and makes a great deal of fu-s about the wet. He is in a great horry and he thinks that he every one who comes from the opposite direction. strides are short and he waddles along like a fright ened duck, making a great splash and puffing loudly but getting over little ground. There is the long, thin man, who steps out with far reaching strides, He takes particular delight in stepping over som broad puddle that older people have to wade through. His long coat flaps about his heels and his un rella shoots high up over the heads of shorter men. There is the meek and humble man who bows while the drops trickle down his shirt collar and passing men and running boys dash great brown splashes of muddy water on him, which leave a on his tronsers. The man who is prepared for the weather, however, is always the most noticeable weather, however, is always the most noticeance. He charges along like a cavalry horse. His shining rubber boots go kicking through the puddles. His chest, covered with a waterproof or mackintosh, his stuck definantly out before him, while his shouch hat or protected derity shells the falling torrents like a duck's olly back. There is the air about his whole person of a man of superior brains and judgment, and the unfortunate persons around him look at him with awe and admiration.

the friends of the gentler sex will enjoy many an interesting game. Then, too, there is room enough for a piano and a billiard-table, should the officers take a fancy to them.

MORTON'S HOME.

A GLIMPSE OF HISTORIC RHINEBECK. Rhinebeck, N. Y., Dec. 22.-If one ever gets tired of hearing foreigners taunt Americans with having no antiquities, he should visit Rhinebeck. I don't mean that he will here find ruined castles or mess-grown abbeys. The oldest inhabitants may not go back much further than the discovery of Vinland by Norsemen to tell of that cold winter when the Hudson froze so deep that the Chinamen filled their ice-hou from the under side of it. I am not aware that a turtle has ever been found here with a name more ancient than Tubal Cain's engraved on bis cellar floor. But for all that Rhinebeck wasn't founded yesterday by a long chalk. In fact it was founded something more than 200 years ago, and it has so improved its early advantages that it is now as full of patriothe reminiscences and places of historic interest as a belle of two seasons is of Myls of the conservatory. It was founded by emigrants from the Palatinate, and they named it for the great river of their father But it became a thoroughly American town, and its legends are mostly connected with the struggles for American nationality.

The chief street, for example, is named for Richard Montgomery, the hero whose tomb may be seen in the ancient chapel of St. Paul's in New-York. He was the owner of a great estate here, comprising thousands of acres. He was just building a fine house when he was summoned to set out on the fatal expedition to Quebec. Before starting he went over the estate with his wife and planned the work that was to be done in his absence. The house, the fin-est on all the banks of the Hudson, would be finished before he returned, he thought. And it was, but not for him, for he fell at Quebec. His wife spent the early years of her widowhood here. She was Janet Livingston, a daughter of Robert Livingston and a sister of Chancellor Livingston. The Montgomery house is still in existence. It has been remodelled and enlarged, and with its spacious grounds is called Grassmere. It is now the property of Lewis H. Livingston. When Mrs. Montgomery left Rhinebeck she went to the town of Red Hook, on the Hudson, and built there the mansion still known as Montgomery Place. While living there she received from Europe a quantity of locust seeds, with which she planted a considerable area at Montgomery Place, and it is said that all the locu t trees in this country owe their erigin to that stock. Mrs. Montgomery survived her husband fifty-three years, and died at Red Hook in Another historic character connected with Rhine-

beck was the Rev. Freeborn Garretson. He was the pioneer of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this part of the country. It was about the year 1793 or 1794 that he left his station in Maryland and set out into the wilderness as a missionary. He made his way on horseback and on foot to this place, living on the country as he travelled. Here he stopped and started a camp-meeting-perhaps the archetype of the famous Sing Sing meetings of later years. It has, I believe, been intimated by certain worldly scoffers that at the hallowed precincts of Sing Sing-the camp, not the State boarding-house-the antique aboriginal custom If this is true, the known as flirting still exists. curious student of history may trace perchance a sentimental thread all the way down from the Rev Freeborn Garretson of the last century to the Rev. Boanerges Maultext of last season. For this pioneer of 1793 not only fished for the souls of the generate sons of Rhinebeck, but he captured the heart of one of Rhinebeck's fairest daughters. This was Miss Kate Livingston, a sister of Mrs. Montgomery. She attended his meetings, and thus they made each other's acquaintance. Her wealth and social and family niluence were of great service in the promotion of the interests of the church in this vicinity. After his marriage Mr. Garretson abandoned his travelling ministry. He settled here and built a church of which he remained the pastor until his death. He left but one child, a daughter, who never was married, but devoted her life and fortune to works of charity. Her house was always open with a welcome to any Methodist preacher who might be in town. She was buried th her parents in a vault underneath the church which they built, and which is stfli standing. grove in which the camp-meetings were held is also to been seen, just opposite the gates of Mr. Morton's place, The old Garretson farm and home are now known as Wildercroft.

Another member of the Livingston family here was Edward Livingston, who was Secretary of State and Minister to France in the days of Old Hickory. There a tablet to his memory in the wall of the Reformed Dutch Church of which he was a member, but he was buried in the same vault with the Garretsons.

President Madison's Secretary of War, General Arm-

strong, was a resident of Rinebeck. The late Willfam E. Astor married his daughter and thus came into possession of his estate, now occupied by the Chanlers and called Rokeby. It is one of the finest places

Peter R. Livingston, once Secretary of State, lived lived here. His home is now occupied in summer by George Miller, of New-York, and is much admired for its beauty.

At the southern extremity of the village one may see an old decaying water-wheel. It may not be the identical wheel that inspired some one to write that the mill will never grind with the water that is past." But its mill will never grind any more with any water, past, present or future. It is a relic of the old Beekman mill, which was built long before the At first it was a grist mill. Then it was transformed into a woollen mill. And about 1831 it became a paper mill and produced much of the stock

transformed into a woollen mill. And about rax a became a paper mill and produced much of the stock on which New-York newspapers were printed. But in 1855 it was destroyed by fire, all except the wheel and the stone foundations. Nearby was the grist and lumber mill established by General Mongomery before the Quebec expedition. It was in constant use for more than a century, but in 1850 was burned to the ground, wheel and all.

Naturally Mr. Morton's place is now the most observed of all at Rhinebeck. It was purchased from the Indians in 1683 by Gerrit Aartsen, Arrie Roosa and Jan Elfing. They were the joint proprietors of it until 1702, then it was sold to the son-in-law of Aartsen, Hendrick Heermance. Heleft it to his son and he in turn to his son-in-law, Jacobus Kip. It remarked in the Kip family until 1814, when it was sold to Maturin Livingston, who in turn sold it two years later to James Thompson. His son sold it to James Ward, he to William B. Platt, and he to William Reliey, of New-York. Mr. Kelley named it Ellersile and made it one of the linest places on the river. He also increased its size to nearly a thousand acres. On his death the place was perchased by its present ovener, who has greatly beautified it, and is now building a new mansion upon it.

PROFITING BY THE CHINESE FORM OF OATH. From The San Francisco Chronicle.

The election was over and the Judge was beaten.
His days of office were numbered, and somebody said

His days of other with the control of the control o

A HUGE SNAKE FIGHTING A SEAL.

cheest, excerned with a waterproof or mackintesh, is stuck defaulty on before him, while his shouch hat or protected derby sheds the falling torrents like a duck's oily back. There is the air about his whole person of a man of superior brains and judgment, and the unfortunate persons around him look at him with awe and admiration.

Was it by accident that in the selection of the officers to superintend the building of the new cruiser in the superintend the building of the new cruiser in the superintend the building of the new cruiser in the state of the three parts of the first part of the superintend the building of the new cruiser in the water. A bend in the river prevented me see a caused by the designation of the wife of Chief Navi Constructor Wilson to christen the new cruiser laid-more a few months ago, a precedent unheard of, and one which suggested to the superstitious consequent illibuck to that vessel, because of according to a martied woman a privilege by eatom accorded to a single lady? And the Baltimore did meet with mishap at a superintend and the foreign the superstition and the superintend of the surface and the foreign the superintend of the surface and the foreign the superintend of the surface and the foreign that the surface and the foreign that the surface and the surface are designed to the superstitions consequent in the surface and the surface are designed to the surface and the surface are designed to the surface and the surface are designed to the surface are designed to the surface and the surface are designed to the

IN THE CHURCH PORCH.

RELIGIOUS COMMENT AND INCIDENT. I see that "The Evangelist" relates a little episode of the recent Episcopal Church Congress which I did not suppose would get into print. The Rev. Percy Grant, of Fall River, who was one of the speakers, asserted that the Reformers retained Eulsopacy in the English Church for political reasons simply, and not with any idea that a special divine grace inhered in the office. Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe was presiding at the time, and promptly characterized this statement as " abominable." When Mr. Grant, who, by the way, was the youngest speaker in the congress, arose to defend himself, the Bishop exclaimed, "Sit down, sir! I will not hear a single word." The Lev. Walter T. Clarke, who tells the story, continues: "The great frame of Phillips Brooks could be almost felt to tremble with suppressed excitement. When the exercises at last losed, he went over to the young man, where he stood alone like a leper, and grasping him by the hand exclaimed: "That was the mest outrageous thing I ever saw! What will those bishops do rext !" All Jerusalem was in uproar. The Boston leader, gathering a hand of fellows, approached the Bishop and said, 'There must be some settlement of this. The response was, 'I'll not discuss the subject, str.' Seizing his hat, the prelate in a tremble showed

Both the friends and the enemies of hishon Coxeand, like all strong men, he has his full share of both-will see in this incident a striking indication of his character. I know of no man who more perfectly represents the ideal Americo-Anglican Church can than the accomplished bishon of Western New-York. I was going to say that hatred of Rome and Dissent was the dominant impulse of his mind; but he is a man of too much culture and breeding to hate even his bitterest enemy. Certain it is, however, that since he came into the Episcopal Church from the Presbyterian Church-sect, he would call it-his whole life, and all his brilliant cenius, have been devoted to the interests of his slopted church, which he fervently believes to be the only true church in the United States. No wonder he snubbed the luckless young man who dared to call in question the divine origin of Episcopacy. And no wonder, too, that he has been more or less in hot water all his life.

signs of beating a retreat. It was a scene. And the hosts seemed about equally divided. Perhaps it

was well that it stopped there."

I see that a humorous suggestion of a Phonographie Sermon Syndicate which I made a few months ago in this column is being discussed with apparent seriousness in many quarters; and a scheme is said to be actually on foot to furnish phonographic reports of the leading preachers of the world to churches and "we could not turnish the gestures, but we will do the next best thing. We will furnish to each church an excellent portrait of the author of the particular sermon which has been shipped to them Sunday's use. This can be hung over the pulpit, and the effect will be much the same as though the original of the picture and words were present himself. By the way of attractions extraordinary we would suggest that some good actor or elocutionist should be secured to make the gestures and follow the words as they come out of the phonograph.

"The many advantages of the phonograph would be obvious. There would be no scandals, no trips of presents at Christmas time, and, above all, no hicks for more salary. The 'minister' would always work in harmony with the trustees, and if the people did not like his utterances they could choke him off and put in a new sheet and listen to a sermon by an entirely different man. It is our intention to furnish that in a measure the costly and noisy choir can be dispensed with. By a little study two or three vol eer voices and the phonograph can be blended and paimed off as a first-class quartet. Sermons which have been used will be sold to missionary societies at greatly reduced rates, and after they have been worked off on the heathen the duplicate sheets full can be traded for various useful articles. I tell you it is a great scheme."

I don't know how much fun there is in all this; but after all, science has made possible things which are even more wonderful, and I see nothing inherently impossible or improper in the scheme

The Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler, the devoted missionary pastor of this city, is delivering an illustrated mre on the poverty, vice and crime of New-York In New-Haven, the other night, some of the best people in the city listened to this lecture with eager and horrifled interest; and they went home with a much clearer idea of the need of Christian missions to the great metropolis. This is all very well; but the really important thing is to impress upon us here in the city the urgent need of city missions. I suggest, therefore, that some good lecturer present this great at Rhinebeck and is still well remembered. Phillip cent to be shown. In this way we could all do our "slumming" while comfortably scated in Chickerte. trations of such things as are not too vile and inde-Hall. We would see and learn of features of o urban life that many of us had never even imagined; and, what is of more practical importance, the lecturer could easily fill us with a zeal for city missions that would reach down to the bottom of our pockets After all, these ignorant, victous and depraved people about whom we are so comfortably indifferent are our brothers and sisters, and it will not be well with us as a people if we refuse to recognize the fact. Who will reveal to us the unknown New-York, the nether metropolis at our doors, and inspire us with a desire for its religious and moral renovation

> Here is another sign of the times. suggestion made at the Pan-Presbyterian Synod that an order of deaconesses be established in the Presbyterian Church has, so far as I know, shocked no one in that church. Now I hear that the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, of Philadelphia, has formally brought the question before the Philadelphia Presby-tery in the shape of a resolution. "My idea," he says, "is to create an organization of women who will devote their time entirely to ministering to the poor, the sick and the afflicted, and to establish an institution where these women can dwell together. and which they can make a common centre for their operations. It would be composed of single and mar-ried women, the latter, of course, not being inmates of the communal house, and they would have the right to give up the work whenever they chose. The members of the Presbytery were in entire accord with me in the matter and I expect ere long to see my idea realized. The church to-day needs all the working power it can get, and most of all the helpful aid of women in its practical mission work in our large

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